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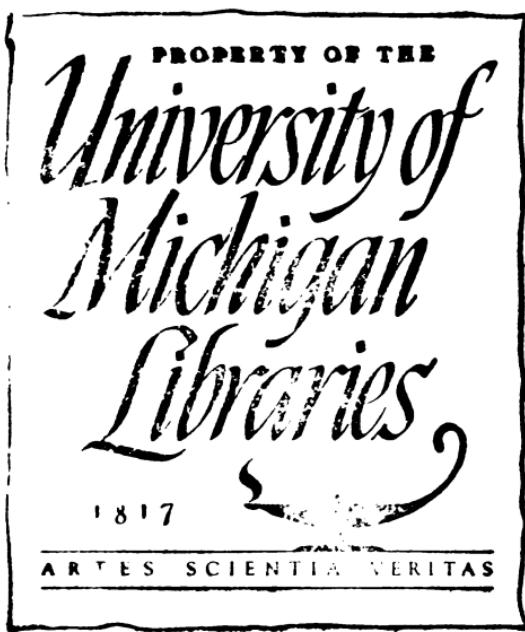
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# HOME LETTERS

*Beaconsfield.*







# HOME LETTERS

LONDON : PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

# HOME LETTERS

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

— — —

IN 1830 AND 1831

*'Absence is often a great element of charm'*  
Endymion

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1885

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## P R E F A C E

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IN placing the following letters of my Brother before the public, I would remind the reader that they are strictly 'Home Letters' written home by one who was seeking by change of scene and climate to re-establish his health, which had been severely taxed. I mention this merely to account for the frequent allusion made to his tardy recovery.

More than fifty years ago travelling was an event in a man's life ; hence many of the personal details, meant only for the interest and amusement of the home fireside. But there is

another interest attached to these letters. Some of them contain accounts of adventures and vivid descriptions written with that easy and flowing style which few could imitate, which were afterwards used by him to heighten the interest of one of his early tales.

I have not thought fit to omit these passages, feeling it were better to leave the letters in their entirety, thereby giving the true and genuine picture of my Brother's travel.

RALPH DISRAELI.

*April 19, 1885.*

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## HOME LETTERS.

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### LETTER I.

ROYAL HOTEL, FALMOUTH : *June 1, 1830.*

MY DEAR SA,

We arrived here this morning at four o'clock, instead of Sunday evening, having had a very rough passage indeed, the wind ahead the whole time. I was not only not ill, but did not even feel a qualm. Meredith<sup>1</sup> also pretty well, but he cannot match me as a

<sup>1</sup> William Meredith, an old family friend, who was my brother's companion.

sailor. So far, so good : but for the rest the steam packet is a beastly conveyance, and the total absence of all comfort, decency, and refinement is trying. We made acquaintance in the packet with a Spanish officer, Colonel Avala, who is going to Cadiz—a very knowing fellow, exceedingly polished and Parisian, having long resided in France. We were introduced to him by the captain as interpreters, being the only men on board supposed to know French. Consequently a certain degree of intimacy took place, and as we repaired to the same hotel, we mess together. We cannot make out what he is, as though excessively complaisant he is very close. We suppose something political, but none of your sherry merchants, as his costume is remarkable, his conversation very refined, and moreover *beau-coup d'argent*. In the meantime our French improves, and perhaps he may be of use to us in Spain.

Here at Falmouth—which, by the bye, is

one of the most charming places I ever saw (I mean the scenery around)—I met a Mr. Cornish, who I believe is a medical man here, and one of the corporation. He found me out, and introduced me to the casino or club, something like Frankfort, having in his library an American edition of 'Vivian Grey,' compressed in three volumes, and full of admiration, &c. But this is nothing. Would you believe it, he has every one of my father's works except 'James' and 'Charles,' which however he has read through the book society, interleaved and full of MS. notes and very literary ones. He has even the Bowles and Byron controversy all bound up with the review, and a MS. note to prove that Disraeli was the author of the review from parallel passages from the 'Quarrels,' &c. You never saw such a man. He literally knows my father's works *by heart*, and thinks our revered sire the greatest man that ever lived. He says that Byron got all his literature from Padre, and adduces instances which have even escaped

us. You never met such an enthusiastic votary. I really wish my father could send him a book. Unfortunately he has even the *last* edition of the 'Literary Characters:' he has three or four editions of the 'Curiosities,' and among them the first. I told him that when I wrote home I should mention him. I have not even hinted at my father sending him anything, but really these ardent admirers of the united genius of the family should be encouraged. But I do not see that we could do anything, 'Charles' of course being out of the question to give, and 'James' not being exactly the thing, even if practicable. Meredith will write when we leave Falmouth, which I think will be Friday. If I have anything more to say about Cornish, I will then let you know. I have of course nothing particular to say, but I thought you would like to hear, therefore I write, though I fear you will all grumble at postage for such empty letters, but in time you will have fuller ones. We are very

glad to have got rid of Louis Clement, and  
are in very fine condition indeed. Love to  
all.

Your most affectionate Brother,

B. D.

## LETTER II.

GIBRALTAR : *July 1.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

I write to you from a country where the hedges consist of aloes all in blossom: fourteen, sixteen feet high. Conceive the contrast to our beloved and beechy Bucks. I say nothing of geraniums and myrtles, bowers of oranges and woods of olives, though the occasional palm should not be forgotten for its great novelty and uncommon grace. We arrived here after a very brief and very agreeable passage, passed in very agreeable society. You have already heard of our detention at Falmouth for a week. As from the change

of my plans Gib has become to me what I had intended Malta to have been, conceive the awkwardness of my situation, when the only person to whom I had a letter, Colonel Falla, is in England ; but the introduction to Broadfoot has counteracted all inconvenience. He is here really a person of the first importance, and has treated us with the most marked consideration, so I could not have been better off if I had had letters to all the authorities. This rock is a wonderful place, with a population infinitely diversified. Moors with costumes radiant as a rainbow or an Eastern melodrama ; Jews with gaberdines and scull caps ; Genoese, Highlanders, and Spaniards, whose dress is as picturesque as that of the sons of Ivor. There are two public libraries —the Garrison Library, with more than 12,000 volumes ; and the Merchants', with upwards of half that number. In the garrison are all your works, even the last edition of the ‘Literary Character ;’ in the Merchants’ the

greater part. Each possesses a copy of another book, supposed to be written by a member of our family, and which is looked upon at Gibraltar as one of the masterpieces of the nineteenth century. You may feel their intellectual pulse from this. At first I apologised and talked of youthful blunders and all that, really being ashamed ; but finding them, to my astonishment, sincere, and fearing they were stupid enough to adopt my last opinion, I shifted my position just in time, looked very grand, and passed myself off for a child of the Sun, like the Spaniard in Peru.

We were presented by B. to the Governor, Sir George Don, a general and G.C.B., a very fine old gentleman, of the Windsor Terrace school, courtly, almost regal in his manner, paternal, almost officious in his temper, a sort of mixture of Lord St. Vincent and the Prince de Ligne, English in his general style, but highly polished and experienced in European society. His palace, the Government House, is an old con-

vent, and one of the most delightful residences I know, with a garden under the superintendence of Lady Don, full of rare exotics, with a beautiful terrace over the sea, a berceau of vines, and other delicacies which would quite delight you. Besides this, Sir George has a delightful pavilion, modestly called The Cottage, at the extreme point of the Rock, and a villa at San Roque, in Spain, about ten miles off. Thus, by a constant change of residence, he counteracts the monotony of his situation. He possesses a large private fortune, all of which he here disburses, and has ornamented Gibraltar as a lover does his mistress. The Alemada here is superior to that at Cadiz, with banks of pink geraniums, truly delicious. But Gibraltar is a limited theatre for his Excellency, and he has civilised Spain for twenty miles round, by making roads at his own expense, building bridges, and reforming posadas. He behaved to us with great kindness, asked us to dine, and gave us a route himself for an excur-

sion to the Sierra da Ronda, a savage mountain district, abounding in the most beautiful scenery and bugs ! We returned from this excursion, which took us a week, yesterday, greatly gratified. The country in which we travelled is a land entirely of robbers and smugglers. They commit no personal violence, but lay you on the ground and clean out your pockets. If you have less than sixteen dollars they shoot you ; that is the tariff, and is a loss worth risking. I took care to have very little more, and no baggage which I could not stow in the red bag which my mother remembers making for my pistols. We travelled on horseback, rising at four and stopping, on account of the heat, from ten till five in the evening, and then proceeding for three more hours. There are a number of little villages in this Sierra, entirely inhabited by robbers and smugglers, all of which boast a place called a posada. This is in fact a caravansara. The same room holds the cattle, the kitchen, the family, and boards

and mats for travellers to sleep on ; one or two have small rooms with beds, for the chance of an officer from the garrison, and these were always clean ; indeed nothing is more remarkable than the delicacy and the cleanliness of the lower orders in this country, and the precautions which they universally take, by frequent whitewashing, to guard against vermin ; but nothing can succeed against this generating sun, and I have suffered severely, though not as much as I expected. These posadas are, I say, mere caravansaras ; they afford no provisions, and you must cater as you proceed, and, what is more, cook when you have catered, for that is a science not understood in Spain, or known only as an abomination. You will wonder how we managed to extract pleasure from a life which afforded us hourly peril for our purses and perhaps for our lives, which induced fatigue greater than I ever experienced, for here are no roads, and we were never less than eight hours a day on horseback, picking

our way through a course which can only be compared to the steep bed of an exhausted cataract, and with so slight a prospect of attaining for a reward either food or rest.—I will tell you. The country was beautiful, the novelty of the life was great, and above all we had Brunet. What a man ! Born in Italy of French parents, he has visited, as the captain of a privateer, all the countries of the Mediterranean : Egypt, Turkey, Syria. Early in life, as valet to Lord Hood, he was in England, and has even been at Guinea. After fourteen years' cruising he was taken by the Algerines, and was in various parts of Barbary for five or six years, and at last he obtains his liberty and settles at Gibraltar, where he becomes Caçador to the Governor, for he is, among his universal accomplishments, a celebrated shot. He can speak all languages but English, of which he makes a sad affair—even Latin, and he hints at a little Greek. He is fifty, but light as a butterfly and gay as a bird ; in person not unlike English at

Lyme, if you can imagine so insipid a character with a vivacity that never flags, and a tongue that never rests. Brunet did everything, remedied every inconvenience, and found an expedient for every difficulty. Never did I live so well as among these wild mountains of Andalusia, so exquisite is his cookery. Seriously, he is an artist of the first magnitude, and used to amuse himself by giving us some very exquisite dish among these barbarians ; for he affects a great contempt of the Spaniards, and an equal admiration of the Moors. Whenever we complained he shrugged his shoulders with a look of ineffable contempt, exclaiming, ‘*Nous ne sommes pas en Barbarie !*’ Recalling our associations with that word and country, it was superbly ludicrous.

Alas ! my sheet has already disappeared, and I have said nothing. I will write you another letter by this post.

## LETTER III.

GIBRALTAR : *July 1.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have already written to you by this post, and although I do not think that I have sufficient intelligence to warrant me in sending you another letter, nevertheless by doing so I err on the right side. To conclude the slight character which I gave you of Brunet in my last, let me tell you that he is at present making me a travelling suit of stuff, for he is a very good tailor. I heard only of one traveller among the Sierra da Ronda, and he was of course an Englishman. I made his acquaintance at Ronda, our ultimate point, and a town

on the other side of the mountains, a town with a garrison and some slight marks of civilisation. The traveller was Colonel Batty,<sup>1</sup> sketching, a gentlemanly person and very courteous : he wished me to join him to Granada. I never knew anyone sketch with such elegance, precision, and accuracy ; long practice has made him unrivalled in this art, and far superior I should think to any professional artist. In the Sierra every man was armed. We returned through a country which reminded me of the Apennines ; the rest was unlike anything I had seen and decidedly characteristic. Here at Castellar we slept in the very haunt of the banditti, among the good fellows of Jose Maria, the Captain Rolando of this part, and were not touched. In fact we were not promising prey, though picturesque enough in our appearance. Imagine M. and myself on two little Andalusian mountain horses with long tails and jennet necks, followed by a larger beast of burthen

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Batty's sketches were well known in their day.

with our baggage, and the inevitable Brunet cocked upon its neck with a white hat and slippers, lively, shrivelled and noisy as a pea dancing upon tin. Our Spanish guide, tall, and with a dress excessively *brodé* and covered with brilliant buttons, walking by the side and occasionally adding to the burthen of our sumpter steed. The air of the mountains, the rising sun, the rising appetite, the variety of picturesque persons and things we met, and the impending danger, made a delightful life, and had it not been for the great enemy I should have given myself up entirely to the magic of the life ; but that spoiled all. It is not worse ; sometimes I think it lighter about the head, but the palpitation about the heart greatly increases, otherwise my health is wonderful. Never have I been better ; but what use is this when the end of all existence is debarred me ? I say no more upon this melancholy subject, by which I am ever and infinitely depressed, and often most so when the world least imagines it ; but to com-

plain is useless, and to endure almost impossible ; but existence is certainly less irksome in the mild distraction of this various life. You and all I trust are well and happy. Let me hear from you a great deal at Malta. I shall not be there I dare say till the middle of August, so you can write by that packet, and indeed you had better always direct your letters to me at Malta, and they shall be forwarded to me from that place, which is a fine central position.

Well, to return. In spite of our frequent inquiries after the robbers, my being told 'that is one of them,' or that 'José Maria was here two nights ago,' or 'is expected here to-night,' I was a little disappointed, I confess, to return quite safe, and really began to believe we had been half mystified. Judge then our feelings when, on re-entering the hotel, the first sight that meets us and the first news that greets us, are two Englishmen just arrived from Cadiz, utterly rifled and stripped. They were attacked

near a village at which we had been, not far from Gibraltar, by nine men in buckram. The robbers did not even ask for their keys, but *cut* open their portmanteaus and sacks, literally ripped them open, divided their new Geoghegans<sup>2</sup> on the spot, took even their papers, and with barely clothes to cover them, dismissed them in the most courteous manner with two dollars for their journey. ‘Quelle aventure!’ as Parry says. They are now, poor devils, inmates of Griffiths’ hotel, Gibraltar, where they are about to be again plundered, if I may judge from my own experience, though not professionally.

Meredith maintains the high character he won in former days in Germany, and is a most admirable travelling companion. I have had more than one offer of that sort at this place, which allows me to pay him a compliment publicly, etc.

Tell my mother that as it is the fashion among the dandies of this place—that is, the

<sup>2</sup> Geoghegan, the shirtmaker of the day.

officers, for there are no others—not to wear waistcoats in the morning, her new studs come into fine play, and maintain my reputation of being a great judge of costume, to the admiration and envy of many subalterns. I have also the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to them even more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it—I forget!

These Straits, by the bye—that is, the passage for the last ten miles or so to Gib,<sup>“</sup> between the two opposite coasts of Africa and Europe, with the ocean for a river, and the shores all mountains—is by far the sublimest thing I have yet seen. We are now preparing for another and longer trip into Spain. The part we intend to visit is the South of Spain, that celebrated Andalusia of which you have

heard so much, comprising all the remains of the once famous kingdoms of the Moors. We propose returning to Cadiz to our friend Alava, who turned out to be a person of much distinction ; ascending the Guadalquivir to Seville, thence to Cordova, Granada, and Malaga. Look at the map and get W. I.'s Chronicle.<sup>2</sup> I do not think much of it as a literary production, for the character he has assumed too much restrains him, though his humour sometimes breaks out ; but you will find it most interesting when you remember I am wandering among the scenes. When I beg you to write, I mean my beloved Sa, because I know you think it a bore ; but do all as you like. To her and to my dearest mother a thousand kisses. Tell Ralph I have not forgotten my promise of an occasional letter ; and my dear pistol-cleaner, that he forgot to oil the locks, which rusted in conveyance. I thank the

<sup>2</sup> *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.* By Washington Irving. 1829.

gods daily I am freed of Louis Clement, who would have been an expense and a bore. Tell Irving he has left a golden name in Spain. Few English visit Gibraltar. Tell Lord Mahon, inquiries made after his health. Adieu, my beloved padre,

Your most affectionate Son,

B. D.

Tell Irving,<sup>4</sup> if you see him, I go to Mrs. Stocker, at Seville, through Batty.

<sup>4</sup> Washington Irving, who had lately returned from Spain.

## LETTER IV.

CADIZ : *July 14, 1830.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

H.M.S ‘Messenger,’ in which I went out, is, I hear, expected at Cadiz to-day on its return from Corfu, and therefore I send you this letter, though I doubt whether anything justifies me writing except the circumstance of your so speedily receiving it. We passed a very pleasant week at Gibraltar, after our return from Ronda. We dined with the Governor at his cottage at Europa, a most charming pavilion, and met a most agreeable party. Lady Don was well enough to dine with us, and did me the honour of informing me that

I was the cause of the exertion, which though of course a fib, was nevertheless flattering. She is, though very old, without exception one of the most agreeable personages that I ever met, excessively acute and *piquante*, with an aptitude of detecting character, and a tact in assuming it, very remarkable. To listen to her you would think you were charming away the hour with a blooming beauty in Mayfair ; and, though excessively infirm, her eye is so brilliant and so full of *moquerie* that you quite forgot her wrinkles. Altogether the scene very much resembled a small German Court. There was his Excellency in uniform covered with orders, exactly like the old Grand Duke of Darmstadt, directing everything ; his wife the clever Prussian Princess that shared his crown ; the aides-de-camp made excellent chamberlains, and the servants in number and formality quite equalled those of a Residenz. The repast was really elegant and *recherché* even for this curious age. Sir George will yet head his table and yet carve,

recommend a favourite dish, and deluge you with his summer drink, half champagne and half lemonade. After dinner Lady Don rode out with the very pretty wife of Colonel Considine, and the men dispersed in various directions. It was the fate of Meredith and myself to be lionized to some cave or other with Sir George. What a scene, and what a procession ! First came two grooms on two barbs ; then a carriage with four horses ; at the window at which H. E. sits, a walking footman, and then an outrider, all at a funeral pace. We were directed to meet our host at the cave, ten minutes' walk. During this time Sir G. tries one of the Arabians, but at the gentlest walk, and the footman changes his position in consequence to his side ; but it is windy, our valiant but infirm friend is afraid of being blown off, and when he reaches the point of destination, we find him again in the carriage. In spite of his infirmities he will get out to lionize ; but before he disembarks, he changes his foraging cap for a full

General's cock with a plume as big as the Otranto one ; and this, because the hero will never be seen in public in undress, although we were in a solitary cave looking over the ocean, and inhabited only by monkeys. The cave is shown, and we all get in the carriage, because he is sure we are tired ; the foraging cap is again assumed, and we travel back to the Cottage, Meredith, myself, the Governor, and the cocked hat, each in a seat. In the evening he has his rubber, which he never misses, and is surprised I do not play 'the only game for gentlemen ! You should play ; learn.' However I preferred the conversation of his agreeable lady, although the charms of Mrs. Considine were puzzling, and I was very much like Hercules between—you know the rest.

I am sorry to say my hair is coming off, just at the moment it had attained the highest perfection, and was universally mistaken for a wig, so that I am obliged to let the women pull it to satisfy their —— curiosity. Let me know what

my mother thinks. There are no wigs here that I could wear. Pomade and all that is quite a delusion. Somebody recommends me cocoanut oil, which I could get here ; but suppose it turns it grey or blue or green ! I made a very pleasant acquaintance at Gibraltar, Sir Charles Gordon, a brother of Lord Aberdeen, and Colonel of the Royal Highlanders. He was absent during my first visit. He is not unlike his brother in appearance, but the frigidity of the Gordons has expanded into urbanity, instead of subsiding into sullenness —in short, a man with a warm heart though a cold manner, and exceedingly amusing, with the reputation of being always silent. As contraries sometimes agree, we became exceedingly friendly. He asked me to dine with him, and to go to Ceuta on the African coast, but I was engaged. I met him however at Sir George's, and also at Colonel Harding's where I dined, and he called on me at Griffiths'. He is going to Constantinople, and expressed a wish that we might be travelling companions,

but our plans do not agree. The Judge Advocate at Gibraltar is that Mr. Baron Field who once wrote a book, and whom all the world took for a noble, but it turned out that Baron was to him what Thomas is to other men. He pounced upon me, said he had seen you at Murray's, first man of the day, and all that, and evidently expected to do an amazing bit of literature; but I found him a bore, and vulgar, a Storks without breeding, consequently I gave him a lecture on canes, which made him stare, and he has avoided me ever since. The truth is he wished to saddle his mother upon me for a *compagnon de voyage*, whom I discovered in the course of half an hour to be both deaf, dumb, and blind, but yet more endurable than the noisy, obtrusive, jargonic judge, who is a true lawyer, ever illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. We travelled here on horseback in two days, and passed on either side Medina Sidonia and that Zarifa which Valdes took to our cost. The English

Consul here maintains a very elegant establishment, and has a very accomplished and amusing family. He prides himself on making all English 'of distinction' dine with him every day. Fortunately his cook is ill, for being French and a very good one I should have sunk under it. But Mrs. Brackenbury 'receives' every evening, and whenever one is at a loss, it is agreeable to take refuge in a house which is literally a palace covered with pictures, where the daughters are all pretty and sing boleros. I have met here Mr. Frank Hall Standish, once a celebrated dandy, and who wrote a life of Voltaire, you remember. We have heard of the King's death, which is the destruction of my dress waistcoats. I truly grieve. News arrived last night of the capture of Algiers, but all this will reach you before my letter. My general health is excellent. I have never had a moment's illness since I left home, not counting an occasional indigestion, but I mean no fever and so on. The great enemy I think is weaker, but

the palpitation at the heart the reverse. I find wherever I go plenty of friends and nothing but attention. Pray let me hear from home. My love to all. I hope to find letters at Gibraltar when I return there, which will be a month, it may be. I like this horse travelling very much. On an average I am eight hours a day on horseback. The great thing is to avoid the sun. We have had rain only one day since we have been out, and that was among the mountains, otherwise a cloudless sky ; the nights are delicious. I have literally heard nothing of England since I left and long for letters.

Your most affectionate Son,

B. D.

I have quite forgotten to say a word about Cadiz, which is charming ! Brilliant beyond description. 'Fair Florence' is a very dingy affair compared with it. The white houses and the green jalousies sparkle in the sun. Figaro is in every street ; Rosina in every balcony.

## LETTER V.

SEVILLE: *July 26, 1830.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

The Sevillians say that *Cadiz es toda facada*, by which they endeavour to conceal their envy at the superior beauty of a modern rival. The old proverb, ‘Qui non a vista Seviglia non a vista maraviglia’ must have been founded on its reputation in the time of the Moors, for its exterior appearance and general effect are certainly not its most striking qualities. It is ancient and rambling, but populous and wealthy. Its internal architecture is imposing. The houses are all (at least the principal ones) built round a quadrangle or

*patio.* This is quite Moorish. There are two suites of apartments, and at this time of the year the family reside in the lower and cooler one. The place is fearfully hot, hot enough even for me, but the heat certainly agrees with my constitution, and even my head is better. The improvement, however, is very slight, and it will at the best be a long affair. If I could get on as well as I have done this fortnight, I should have hope. My general health is most remarkable. I do not suffer from any of the complaints of which my countrymen are the victims. Cadiz I left with regret, though there is little to interest except its artificial beauty. It is not unlike Venice in its situation, but there the resemblance ceases. Cadiz is without an association—not a church, a picture, or a palace. The family of the Consul is a most agreeable one : you must not associate with this somewhat humble title a character at all in unison. Mr. Brackenbury is great enough for an ambassador, and lives well enough for one ;

but with some foibles, he is a very hospitable personage, and I owe many agreeable hours to its exercise. You see what a Sevillian *écritoire* is by this despatch. I have already expended on it more time than would have served for writing many letters. I am almost in a state of frenzy from the process of painting my ideas in this horrible scrawl. It is like writing with blacking and with a skewer. Mr. Standish returned to Seville, where he resides at present, and called on me the next day. We dined with him yesterday. He is a most singular character,—a spoiled child of fortune, who thinks himself, and who is perhaps now, a sort of philosopher. But all these characters must be discussed over our fireside or on the Terrace. Fleuriz, the Governor of Cadiz, is a singular brute. When we meet I will tell you how I Pelhamised him. All the English complain that when they are presented to him, he bows and says nothing, uttering none of those courtly inanities which are expected on such occasions,

and for which crowned heads and all sorts of viceroys are celebrated. Brackenbury had been reading a review of the ‘Commentaries’<sup>1</sup> in the ‘Courier’ in the morning, and full thereof, announced me to Fleuriz as the son of the greatest author in England. The usual reception, however, only greeted me; but I being prepared for the savage, was by no means silent, and made him stare for half an hour in a most extraordinary manner. He was sitting over some prints just arrived from England—a view of Algiers, and the fashions for June. The question was whether the place was Algiers, for it had no title. Just fresh from Gibraltar, I ventured to inform his Excellency that it was, and that a group of gentlemen intended to represent A—— and a couple of his friends, but displaying those extraordinary coats and countenances that Mr. Ackermann offers monthly as an improvement upon Nature and Nugee, were personages no less eminent than the Dey and

<sup>1</sup> *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

his two principal *conseillers d'état*. The dull Fleuriz took everything *au pied de lettre*, and after due examination insinuated scepticism. Whereupon I offer renewed arguments to prove the dress to be Moorish. Fleuriz calls a demoiselle to translate the inscription, but the inscription only proves that they are 'fashions for June,' at Algiers, I add, appealing to everyone whether they had ever seen such beings in London. Six Miss Brackenburys, equally pretty, protest they have not. Fleuriz, unable to comprehend *bardinage*, gives a Mashallah look of pious resignation, and has bowed to the ground every night since that he has met me.

You will, perhaps, receive a couple of pounds of Seville snuff in the course of a month or so. It is very celebrated. The finest kind is a sort of light yellow. You will receive two sorts. Seville is full of Murillo, who appears to me the most original of artists. In London we think of him only as the painter of

beggar boys, because we happen to possess the only picture of the kind that he ever produced. No man has painted more, or oftener reached the ideal. He never fails. Where can his bad pictures be? I constantly ask. All here, and every house and church, are full of *chefs-d'œuvre*.

I have seen more than one bull fight. The sight is magnificent. I form some idea of the public games of the ancients, and in the taste of the Spaniards for these entertainments can easily comprehend the *panem et circenses*. The effect however is marred by the wretched hacks which they ride. So many horses are killed, that they can afford only the vilest. We are very comfortable here at an English boarding house, kept by a widow, where Irving lived, but go to-morrow. The costume of the *toreadores*, or band of footmen who attend the *picadores*, or horsemen with pikes, is brilliant beyond anything I have ever seen. Mrs. Halker, our hostess, lent me 'Laucadio Do-

blado,' which I read here with interest. The affecting story of the nun, who was allowed for a short time to see the world, is that of Blanco's own sister, so a gentleman told me who knows, and has known the family for years. Blanco's brother is a very eminent merchant here, in the house of Cahill, White, and Beck. Old White was the greatest of bigots, and wished to make all his children priests and nuns.

We came here up the Guadalquivir, and to-morrow proceed by a diligence to Cordova. This is a very stupid letter, but I was determined to write to you from Seville, and will whenever it is in my power. You should have received your last letter *free*. We have found here a most agreeable friend in Mr. Williams, an English merchant married to a Spanish lady, and considered the greatest connoisseur in paintings in Spain. He has nearly thirty of the finest Murillos. I had a letter to him from Brackenbury. It is astonish-

; with what kindness he behaves to us. His use is open to us at all times, and we pass r evenings most agreeably sitting in his *casita*, turning over the original drawings of Goya, while his Spanish sister-in-law, Dolores, sings a *bolero*. It is the mode to call all the ladies here by their Christian name directly they are introduced. So much for Spanish etiquette. On the other hand, my tailor is offended if I do not ask him to take a chair, and I always address him Signor. It is all addressed to the lower classes. When he brought home my jacket, he told me his sole fortune was at my command.

God bless you all. I shall soon hear from  
you.

## LETTER VI.

GIBRALTAR : *August 9.*

MY DEAR SA,

We arrived here yesterday tired to death, but very well. The Mediterranean packet is expected hourly, and I lose not a moment in writing to you, which I do in compliment to your most welcome letter which awaited me here, and which, though short enough, was most sweet. The very long one about all the things I want to know makes my mouth water. There is not the slightest doubt of its duly reaching me. I am surprised to find you complain of my writing seldom, as I have really made every exertion to give you

a fair account of all my doings. I sent two letters to my father from Gib, but as they went by the same post, you may perhaps count them as one ; but they were on separate sheets, one from Cadiz, and one from Seville also to him, and one on an elephantine sheet from Granada to my mother, all about Spanish ladies and tomato sauce.<sup>1</sup> I trust all those will duly arrive. It is possible you may receive the last, being overland, even after this. In regard to any plans, we are certainly off next packet, perhaps on Saturday. No farther can I aver. What use are plans ? Did I dream six months ago of Andalusia, where I have spent some of the most agreeable hours of my existence ? Such a trip ! Such universal novelty and such unrivalled luck in all things ! I must find time to send you at least a couple more letters from this place to complete my sketch from Cordova. If I tell you more stories of men in buckram, do not smile. Literally a week ago we saved

<sup>1</sup> This one I cannot find.

ourselves only by a moonlight scamper and a change of road. I gave all up, and only at Malaga two nights since, with our feet in our stirrups, we were obliged to dismount and lie *perdu* till morn. When I reside at a place it is not very difficult to write home, which is really always agreeable ; but if you could form an accurate idea of the life of constant fatigue and excitement which I have experienced since I left you, I do not think you would accuse me of neglect. What a country have I lived in ! I am invited by ‘a grand lady of Madrid’—I quote our host at Cordova—to join her escort to Granada : twenty foot soldiers, four servants armed, and tirailleurs in the shape of a dozen muleteers. We refused for reasons too long here to detail, and set off alone two hours before, expecting an assault. I should tell you we dined previously with her and her husband, having agreed to meet to discuss matters. It was a truly Gil Blas scene. My lord in an undress uniform, slightly imposing in appear-

ance, greeted us with dignity ; the signora, exceedingly young and really very pretty, with infinite vivacity and grace. A French valet leant on his chair, and a duenna, such as Stephanoff would draw, broad and supercilious, with jet eyes, mahogany complexion, and cocked-up nose, stood by my lady bearing a large fan. She was most complaisant, as she evidently had more confidence in two thick-headed Englishmen with their Purdeys and Mantons than in her specimen of the once famous Spanish infantry. She did not know that we are cowards on principle. I could screw up my courage to a duel or a battle, but I think my life worth five pounds in the shape of ransom to José Maria. In spite of her charms and their united eloquence, which, as they only spoke Spanish, was of course most persuasive, we successfully resisted. The moon rises on our course : for the first two leagues all is anxiety, as it was well known that a strong band was lying in wait for the 'great lady.'

After two leagues we began to hope, when suddenly our guide informs us that he hears a trampling of horses in the distance. Ave Maria ! A cold perspiration came over me. Decidedly they approached, but rather an uproarious crew. We drew up out of pure fear, and I had my purse ready. The band turned out to be a company of actors travelling to Cordova. There they were, dresses and decorations, scenery and machinery, all on mules and donkeys, for there are no roads in this country. The singers rehearsing an opera ; the principal tragedian riding on an ass ; and the buffo, most serious, looking as grave as night, with a cigar, and in greater agitation than them all. Then there were women in side-saddles, like sedans, and whole paniers of children, some of the former chanting an ave, while their waists (saving your presence, but it is a rich trait) were in more than one instance encircled by the brawny arm of a more robust devotee. All this irresistibly reminded me of Cervantes.

We proceed and meet a caravan (*corsario* they call it, but I spell from sound) of armed merchants, who challenged us, with a regular piquet, and I nearly got shot for not answering in time, being somewhat before my guide. Then came two travelling friars who give us their blessing, and then we lose our way. We wander about all night ; dawn breaks, and we stumble on some peasants sleeping in the field amid their harvest. We learn that we cannot regain our road, and, utterly wearied, we finally sink to sound sleep with our pack-saddles for our pillows.

This is the country for a national novelist. The *al fresco* life of the inhabitants induces a variety of the most picturesque manners ; their semi-savageness makes each district retain with barbarous jealousy its own customs and its own costumes. A weak government resolves society into its original elements, and robbery becomes more honourable than war, inasmuch as the robber is paid and the soldier

in arrear. Then a wonderful ecclesiastical establishment covers the land with a privileged class, who are perpetually producing some effect on society. I say nothing, while writing these lines—which afterwards may be expanded into a picture—of their costume. You are wakened from your slumbers by the *rosario*—the singing procession by which the peasantry congregate to their labours. It is most effective, full of noble chants and melodious responses, that break upon the still fresh air and your even fresher feelings in a manner truly magical. Oh, wonderful Spain! Think of this romantic land covered with Moorish ruins and full of Murillo! Ah that I could describe to you the wonders of the painted temples of Seville! ah that I could wander with you amid the fantastic and imaginative halls of delicate Alhambra! Why, why cannot I convey to you more perfectly all that I see and feel? I thought that enthusiasm was dead within me, and nothing could be new. I have

hit perhaps upon the only country which could have upset my theory—a country of which I have read little and thought nothing—a country of which indeed nothing has been of late written, and which few visit. I dare to say I am better. This last fortnight I have made regular progress, or rather felt perhaps the progress which I had already made. It is all the sun. Do not think that it is society or change of scene. This, however occasionally agreeable, is too much for me and even throws me back. It is when I am quite alone and quite still that I feel the difference of my system, that I miss old aches, and am conscious of the increased activity and vitality and expansion of my blood. Write to me whenever you can, always to Malta, from whence I shall be sure to receive my letters sooner or later. If I receive twenty at a time, it does not signify; but write: do not let the chain of my domestic knowledge be broken for an instant. Write to me about

Bradenham,<sup>2</sup> about dogs and horses, orchards, gardens, who calls, where you go, who my father sees in London, what is said. This is what I want. Never mind public news, except it be private in its knowledge, or about private friends. I see all newspapers sooner or later. I shall write from here overland. I forgot to say I wrote from Falmouth. I did not know that I had been long on the Rock. They all complain of my angel visits. I fear Ponsonby is not at Malta. I am obliged for the letter to Hankey. Keep on writing, but don't *bore* yourself. Mind this. A thousand, thousand loves to all. Adieu, my beloved. We shall soon meet. There is no place like Bradenham, and each moment I feel better I want to come back. The rain would have finished me for ever; even if the sun had not revived me, and all had been fair, I should not have known it then. I think the consequences

<sup>2</sup> Bradenham House, Bucks, where our father was then residing.

on my mind would have been fearful. Two thunderstorms in the mountains : that is all we had. Each day cloudless, and the air like a furnace. The heat of the moon is unpleasant at night. *Quel pays !*

B. D.

## LETTER VII.

LAZARETTO, MALTA : *August 25, 1830.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

We have at length arrived at what Major Rennell declares is *not* the ancient Melita, in spite of all tradition ; but as I am not yet allowed to enter the city, but am imprisoned in a vast and solitary building, and shunned by all my fellow-creatures, I can give you no account of it, except that the city, Valletta, looks extremely beautiful from the distance. I had wished to have written to you another Spanish letter or two from Gibraltar, but was in such a constant bustle there between calling on old friends and preparing for my new

voyage, that I could not find time to collect my senses for a cool communication. I am very glad my letters please you. You know I hate writing such things, but to you it is indeed a pleasure. Literally, they were scribbled, almost like Erasmus' 'Encomium,' on horseback, and I can only regret that they are so imperfect and convey so feeble and hasty an expression of my adventures and feelings in the memorable and romantic land in which I wandered. I found all letters here up to the 28th July, and read them with lively satisfaction. Pray continue to write whenever convenient, and direct to me always to this place. They contribute greatly to my happiness.

I parted with my friend Standish at Seville with regret. He is excessively fantastic and odd, but a good fellow. The Spaniards cannot make him out, and the few English that meet him set him down only as exceedingly affected. He is something more. The man of pleasure, who, instead of degenerating into a *roué*,

aspires to be a philosopher, is to my mind certainly a respectable, and I think an interesting character.

I wish that I could convey to you some idea of the Saracenic architecture, in perfect and brilliant specimens of which the South of Spain abounds ; but I feel it is impossible. Description is always a bore, both to the describer and to the describee. One thing, however, I will say, for it is a further and a stronger illustration of what I have long thought, that however there may be a standard of *taste*, there is no standard of *style*. I must place the Alhambra with the Parthenon, the Pantheon, and York Minster. The same principles of taste are there evident, but the combinations are different. On this principle you may equally admire Æschylus, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Ferdousi. There never could have been a controversy on such a point, if mankind had not confused the ideas of *taste* and *style*. The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same

time the most fitting and the most delicate that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the first inventions of men if it were better known. It is only to be found in any degree of perfection in Spain. When a man sneers at the Saracenic, ask him what he has seen. Perhaps a barbarous though picturesque building, called the Ducal Palace, at Venice? What should we think of a man who decided on the buildings of Agrippa by the architecture of Justinian, or judged the age of Pericles by the restorations of Hadrian? Yet he would not commit so great a blunder. There is a Moorish palace, the Alcazar, at Seville; an immense mosque at Cordova, turned into a cathedral only with partial alteration; the Alhambra at Granada: these are the great specimens, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and chapel of a Moorish saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycombed roof as vivid and as brilliant as when the saint was

worshipped. The materials are the richest, the ornaments the most costly, and in detail the most elegant and the most novel, the most fanciful, and the most flowing ; but nothing at the same time can be conceived more just than the proportions of the whole, and more mellowed than the blending of the parts, which indeed Palladio could not excel.

The great efforts of antique architecture are confined to temples or theatres, which at the best can be only a room. The Alhambra is a palace, and the opportunity for invention is, of course, infinitely increased. It is not a ruin, as I expected, scarcely in a state of dilapidation. Certainly, under the patronage of our late monarch, it might have been restored to all its pristine splendour, though I think a compliant Parliament would have been almost as necessary as Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. Everything about it, though exquisitely proportioned, is slight and small and delicate. Murphy makes the Court of Pillars too large and coarse.

Around this court are chambers with carved and purple roofs studded with gold, and walls entirely covered with the most fanciful relief, picked out with that violet tint which must have been copied from their Andalusian skies. In these you may sit in the coolest shade, reclining upon cushions, with your beads or pipe, and view the most dazzling sunlight in the court, which assuredly must scorch the flowers, if the faithful lions ever ceased from pouring forth that element which you must travel in Spain or Africa to honour. Pindar was quite right. These chambers are innumerable. There is the Hall of the Ambassadors, always the most sumptuous; the Hall of Justice; the rooms of the sultanas and of the various members of the family, quite perfect, not a single roof has given. What a scene! Ah that you were here! But conceive it in the times of the Boabdils; conceive it with all its courtly decoration, all the gilding, all the imperial purple, all the violet relief, all the

scarlet borders, all the glittering inscriptions and costly mosaics, burnished, bright and fresh ; conceive it full of still greater ornaments, the living groups with their rich and vivid and picturesque costume, and, above all, their shining arms ; some standing in groups conversing, some smoking in sedate silence, some telling their beads, some squatting round a storier. Then the bustle and the rush, and the arming horsemen all in motion, and all glancing in the most brilliant sun. Enough of this. To add to the delights of Granada, it is situated in a most beautiful and productive country. Its fruit market is nearly as great a wonder as the Alhambra ; but the route to Velez Malaga is through a land even fuller of milk and honey. Surrounded by aloes and Indian figs, and for the first time *sugarcanes*, I could have fancied myself in the Antilles. All this was very agreeable after burning plains and barren mountains. All my adventures must be orally delivered. I have

slightly sketched them in a hasty letter to Sa from Gib by the last packet. It was a life of perfect romance, but the fatigue was sometimes appalling : yet I bore it all, and from the moment I wrote to my mother I have been progressively improving, slow, but I now flatter myself certain. It will not be very quick work, but I am too grateful to grumble. It is all the sun and the western breeze. The least blow from the Levant, and I partially relapse. Society has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, though very delightful, it retards, I am confident, my convalescence ; for temperance and quiet are also most important ; but it is impossible to escape. I do what I can to guard. You have yet to receive from me a letter from Seville ; an elephantine sheet from Granada to my mother ; and a letter from Gibraltar to Sa. I shall send this to George Barrow, and therefore shall make it a long affair, but stop for the present. While I remember it, a copy of the

'Young Duke' must be sent to Lady Don. Tell Ralph to attend to it. Write in the title 'Lady Don, by desire of the Author.' Enclose it to her, and then put another cover, addressed to his Excellency. You will be surprised at my sending a light novel, and finding a muse in an old lady of seventy; but in truth she is the cleverest and most charming woman I ever met, beating all the Lydia Whites, Mrs. Weddells, and the Misses Bury out and out; and the only person I know who gives one the least idea of the Madame du Tencins and the other *brillantes*, who flirted with Hénault, chatted with Montesquieu, and corresponded with Horace Walpole.

We sailed here with Captains Coffin and Nesham, who have come out to join the 'Gloucester' and 'Melville,' in the place of the new admirals, Stuart and Schomberg. They are very gentlemanly, agreeable men, of a certain age, and I have already got an invitation to both their ships, to eat sea-pie, &c. The latter

has a very agreeable daughter, who came out with him, and has lightened by her good humour the bore of our quarantine ; and a son in the Rifle Brigade, which is here. We are free to-morrow. The 'Blonde' frigate, in which William Barrow is a lieutenant, has just arrived, but in a long quarantine from Turkey. Adieu for the present.

I forgot to say we had a very rough and disagreeable voyage, the wind—a devil of a levanter, and sometimes sirocco—full in our teeth half the time, and not going, even with the steam, more than four knots an hour. I maintained my character as a sailor, but was otherwise very unwell in my head. The sky was covered with clouds nearly the whole time. This is the only disagreeable weather we have had. The summer is universally agreed to be unusually hot. I was however repaid for all this by a visit to Algiers. We did not land ; but the town is built on the coast, and on a hill, so we saw every house ; we observed with

interest that the tricolour flag was flying. I considered myself very fortunate in having seen this famous place. It is a very handsome, white town, and the hills about well cultivated, and covered with white houses. The harbour seemed a very fine one, and the mole is a strong piece of masonry. It was fortunately our only fine day. So ends my account of Algiers, which is about as long, and much more true, than Caille's description of Timbuctoo.

*Saturday, 27th.*

I scribble, until the return of the packet, a daily bulletin. We landed yesterday for breakfast, and are quartered in a capital hotel, Beverley's. I assure you I look forward to some repose here, after all my exertions, with great zest. We did not find this at Gibraltar, where our quarters were horrid. To our surprise we find James Clay here, immensely improved, and quite a hero. He has been here a month, and has already beat the whole garrison at rackets

and billiards and other wicked games, given lessons to their *prima donna*, and seccatura'd the *primo tenore*. Really he has turned out a most agreeable personage, and has had that advantage of society in which he had been deficient, and led a life which for splendid adventure would beat any young gentleman's yet published in three vols. post 8vo. Lord Burghersh wrote an opera for him, and Lady Normanby a farce. He dished Prince Pignatelli at billiards, and did the Russian Legation at *écarté*. I had no need of letters of introduction here, and have already 'troops of friends.' The fact is, in our original steam-packet there were some very agreeable fellows, officers, whom I believe I never mentioned to you. They have been long expecting your worship's offspring, and have gained great fame in repeating his third-rate stories at second hand: so in consequence of these messengers I am received with branches of palm. Here the younkers do nothing but play rackets, billiards, and cards,

race and smoke. To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one ; I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday, at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me, and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day !

I call on the Governor to-morrow. He is reputed a very *nonchalant* personage, and exceedingly exclusive in his conduct to his subjects. Clay had no letter to him, but his Excellency is a great racket player, and so he addressed our friend one day with condescending familiarity, but did not ask him to dinner till he had been here some time, which

so offended our friend—who is excessively grand, and talks of nothing but Burghersh, Normanby, Lady Williamson, and various princes—that he refused, and is in opposition.

The city is one of the most beautiful, for its architecture and the splendour of its streets, that I know : something between Venice and Cadiz.

We dined yesterday with Clay, to meet Captain Anstruther, our principal steamboat friend, and some of the officers.

*Sunday morning.*

Yesterday I called on Ponsonby and he was fortunately at home. I flatter myself that he passed through the most extraordinary quarter of an hour of his existence. I gave him no quarter, and at last made our *nonchalant* Governor roll on the sofa, from his risible convulsions. Then I jumped up, remembered that I must be breaking into his morning, and was off ; making it a rule always to leave with a good impression. He pressed me not to go.

I told him I had so much to do! I walked down the Strada Reale, which is nearly as good as Regent Street, and got five invitations to dinner (literally a fact), and then betook myself to the Union Club. This is in every sense of the word not an inferior establishment, even to the building (which is an old palace) to the London Union; and though there are only eighty members, yet as they are always there, even on this point it does not seem inferior. You may dine here and everything. We are honorary members of it, which is most convenient; and also of the Malta Sporting Club, which is a very exclusive establishment of recent date. Thus, you see, not being in our own country, we are considered prophets.

When I arrived home I found an invitation for Tuesday, which fortunately I can accept, from the General<sup>1</sup> and Lady Emily. Clay confesses my triumph is complete and unrivalled.

<sup>1</sup> Ponsonby, the Governor.

I stop the press to say that I dined at the mess of the 73rd, in an Andalusian dress. After such buffooneries, I need not add that I continue tolerably well.

*Monday.*

Sunday passed in a delightful *far niente*. I dine to-day with an officer named Primrose. I have been introduced to lots of men, and, among them, little Lord Rothes, Lady Henrietta Murray's brother. He is the Marquess of Exeter of Gibraltar, and has a stud of fourteen horses, with regular jockeys, grooms, &c., as at Newmarket. Clay has offered to run any of his steeds, if his Lordship will give him a hundred yards start. The packet is announced in sight, and I am disappointed in my hope of sending you any further adventures at present. I am glad to hear that Jem is so efficient a member of the *famille*, which indeed I expected. I have great confidence in him. His commission should be thought of. Pray have

no hesitation in applying to Croker, who I am sure will be delighted to oblige you, in a manner which costs him nothing.] Tell Ralph I shall write to him from this place, which after some time will, I dare say, afford matter for a separate epistle; before this anything to him would only have been a repetition. His handkerchief, which he brought me from Paris, is the most successful thing I ever wore, and universally admired. A thousand loves to all. Pray let me find long letters soon, and direct always to Hunter and Ross.

Your affectionate Son,

B. D.

I have held a long parley with William Barrow at a respectful distance.

## LETTER VIII.

CORFU: *October 10, 1830.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I left Malta nearly three weeks ago. We had a stormy but not disagreeable passage here. I like a sailor's life much, though it destroys the toilette, and one never feels, or is indeed, clean. This, though a poor village, is a most lovely island, offering all that you can expect from Grecian scenery, gleaming waters, woody isles, cypress, olive, vine, a clear sky, and a warm sun. Zante is, I believe, even more beautiful, with the remnants of a decent Venetian town. Cephalonia not so fine. Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia of

Sappho, I hope to see, and the 'barren Ithaca' must not be forgotten. I am disappointed in entering Albania, and visiting Yanina, and the 'romantic Zitza,' for the whole country is in a state of insurrection, I am glad to say the Porte everywhere triumphant. One of the rebel beys, of Valona, arrived here, a fugitive, the day before us, with many rich pipes and pistols, but without his women, he fled in such haste. If the Grand Vizier with the Turkish army be at Prevesa, as is reported, I am to have the honour of bearing him a letter from the 'Lord High,' which I shall present with my two aides-de-camp, Clay and Meredith, and hope to get a pipe at least. I am going up to the palace now to learn my fate, and see if, for once in my life, I am to be an ambassador. All Nat's letters have been very good. Tell him so with my regards. Sir Frederick received me most courteously. He has the reputation of great talents, though he looks like Bartley as the innkeeper, in the '100!. Note.'

I continue much the same, still infirm, but longer destitute of hope. I wander in pursuit of health, like the immortal exile in pursuit that lost shore, which is now almost glittering in my sight. Five years of my life have been already wasted, and sometimes I think my pilgrimage may be as long as that of Ulysses.

Adieu, my dearest friend. A thousand loves all. I hope my letters duly arrived. I enumerated their respective dates in the last alta letter. Write without ceasing.

B. D.

## LETTER IX.

MALTA.

MY DEAR RALPH,

Mashallah ! Here I am sitting in an easy chair, with a Turkish pipe six feet long, with an amber mouthpiece and a porcelain bowl. What a revolution ! But what if I tell you that I not only have become a smoker, but the greatest smoker in Malta. The fact is I find it relieves my head. Barrow,<sup>1</sup> who is here in the 'Blonde,' is a most knowing young lieutenant. He informed me the other night (after dinner) he was sure to be made a captain in eighteen months, irresistibly reminding me of John

<sup>1</sup> Younger son of Sir George Barrow, a Secretary of the Admiralty.

Falconer in ' Patronage ; ' ] has given me a meerschaum, and Anstruther a most splendid Dresden green china, set in silver—an extremely valuable pipe ; but there is nothing like a meerschaum.

I have spent some weeks here. Ponsonby, the Governor, is a most charming fellow, and has been most courteous to me. His wife is very plain and not very popular, being grand, but I rather like her. I dined there on Tuesday, and on the Sunday following, when Meredith also dined there, having been presented by Sir John Stoddart ;<sup>2</sup> we met most of the best people in Malta. Next day they left for Mafra, a shooting box which the Governor has, sixteen miles off—a considerable distance in these islands.

Do you remember in ancient days in Windsor, the Royal Fusiliers being quartered there, and James swearing that the two young subs, Liddell and Lord Amelius Paulet, were brothers of his schoolfellows, and all that? How curious

<sup>2</sup> President of the Court of Justice, Malta.

life is. That Liddell is now quartered here, and being senior captain on the station in the absence of Fitzclarence, who has gone home to see his papa, he commands the regiment, and has become my most intimate friend. He is the George Liddell who acts all the Listonic parts at private theatricals at Harrington House, &c., and is a most delightful party. He and another Fusilier, by name Pery, the future Lord Limerick, are my usual companions. They are both men of the world and good company, forming a remarkable contrast to all their brother officers forsooth. A visit to Gibraltar and Malta, our two crack garrisons, has quite opened my eyes to the real life of a *militaire*. By heavens ! I believe these fellows are boys till they are majors, and sometimes do not even stop there. The society at Malta is very refined indeed for a colony. I have received great attention from everybody, but at present most families are what is called in the country, that is, living some miles away, on a site very much like a

quarry, without a tree to be seen or shrub enough to feed their bees. Therefore I see little of them, as it is impossible to visit at this distance ; but in winter all agree that it is very agreeable. A week ago I knew not what I should do. All is now settled. On Wednesday morning I quit this place, where on the whole I have spent very agreeable hours, in a yacht which Clay has hired, and in which he intends to turn pirate. The original plan was to have taken it together, but Meredith was averse to this, and we have become his passengers at a fair rate, and he drops us whenever and wherever we like. You should see me in the costume of a Greek pirate. A blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers. We shall touch at Corfu on purpose to get the letters which come out by this packet, and which Ross will send on immediately. All letters must be sent on to

Corfu ; I will enclose a direction. This is the last regular letter you will receive, perhaps the very last in direct answer ; but do not on any account cease to write every packet, in order that the chain may be never broken, and that I may not return with the feelings of a stranger.

Mrs. Seymour Bathurst is an interesting woman, but she has just lost her child, and has since gone to Naples. I sat next to old Mrs. Hankey at dinner, whom they all make much of, but who is rather an old-fashioned affair. There is a Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie here, with a pretty daughter, *cum multis aliis*. I am sorry to say among them a beauty, very dangerous to the peace of your unhappy brother. But no more of that, and in a few weeks I shall be bounding, and perhaps seasick, upon the blue *Ægean*, and then all will be over. Nothing like an emetic in these cases. I find I have very little to tell you, for although each day brings an infinite deal of nothings, which might authorise a record over a wood fire in the old

hall, they are too slight to bear any communication but an oral one. So let us hope that may soon take place. I often think of you all. How go on the Norrises and the Lord Abbot? If you hear of my marriage or death, don't believe it, any more than I shall of our father being in the new batch of baronets, which is here currently reported. Clay is immensely improved, and a very agreeable companion indeed, with such a valet,<sup>3</sup> Giovanni by name. Byron died in his arms, and his mustachios touch the earth. Withal mild as a lamb, though he has two daggers always about his person. Our yacht is of fifty-five tons, an

\* Giovanni Battista Falcieri, better known by the name of 'Tita,' shortly after his return to England became my father's valet, living with him until his death in 1848. At my brother's request, John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), Byron's friend, appointed him a messenger at the India Office—

' Not last, nor least, Battista,

. . . . who without stain

Had worn so long that honourable badge,

The Gondolier's, in a patrician house,

Arguing unlimited trust.'

So of him sang Rogers in his ' Picturesque Tour of Italy.'

excellent size for these seas, with a crew of seven men. She is a very strong sea boat, and bears the unpoetical title of 'Susan,' which is a bore ; but as we can't alter it we have painted it out. And now, my dear boy, adieu. I enclose a letter to Sa, and Hankey has promised to send them free. I cannot say that I have made any great progress since my last, but I am not worse, and much better indeed than when I left. Let us hope good things.

Your very affectionate Brother,

B. D.

## LETTER X.

PREVESA : *October 25, 1830.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I wrote to Ralph from Malta, and to you from Corfu, and left the letters to be forwarded by the October packet, when it arrived, if it ever did, of which to-day there is a report here. It was so late after its time that it was quite despaired of. Doubtless, however, you have received my letters by some source or other. I mentioned in my letter to [redacted], that there was a possibility of our paying the Grand Vizier a visit at his quarters at Yanina, the capital of Albania. What was then probable has since become certain. W

sailed from Corfu to this place, where we arrived on the eleventh instant, and found a most hospitable and agreeable friend in the Consul General, Mr. Meyer, to whom Sir Frederick had given me a very warm letter. He is a gentleman of the old school, who has moved in a good sphere, and has great diplomatic experience of the East. He insists upon our dining with him every day, and what is even still more remarkable, produces a *cuisine* which would not be despicable in London, but in this savage land of anarchy is indeed as surprising as it is agreeable.

As the movements of his Highness were very uncertain, we lost no time in commencing our journey to Yanina. We sailed up to Salora (I mention these places, because you will be always able to trace my route in your new maps), and on the morning of the 14th, a company of six horsemen, all armed, we set off for Arta, where we found accommodation ready

for us, in a house belonging to the consulate. Arta, once a town as beautiful as its situation, is in ruins, whole streets razed to the ground, and, with the exception of the consulate house, rebuilt since, scarcely a tenement which was not a shell. Here for the first time I reposed upon a divan, and for the first time heard the muezzin from the minaret, a ceremony which is highly affecting when performed, as it usually is, by a rich and powerful voice. Next morning we paid a visit to Kalio Bey, the Governor, once the wealthiest, and now one of the most powerful, Albanian nobles. He has ever been faithful to the Porte, even during the recent insurrection, which was an affair of the great body of the aristocracy. We found him keeping his state, which, in spite of the surrounding desolation, was not contemptible, in something not much better than a large shed. I cannot describe to you the awe with which I first entered the divan of a great Turk, or the curious feelings with which, for the first time in my life, I

found myself squatting on the right hand of a Bey, smoking an amber-mouthed chibouque, drinking coffee, and paying him compliments through an interpreter. He was a very handsome, stately man, grave but not dull, and remarkably mild and bland in his manner, which may perhaps be ascribed to a recent imprisonment in Russia, where, however, he was treated with great consideration, which he mentioned to us. He was exceedingly courteous, and would not let us depart, insisting upon our repeating our pipes, an unusual honour. At length we set off from Arta, with an Albanian of his bodyguard for an escort, ourselves and guides, six in number, and two Albanians, who took advantage of our company. All these Albanians are armed to the teeth, with daggers, pistols, and guns, invariably richly ornamented, and sometimes entirely inlaid with silver, even the tassel. This was our procession :—

An Albanian of the Bey's guard, completely armed.

Turkish guides, with the baggage.

Three Beyasdeers Inglasses, or sons of English Beys, armed after their fashion.

Giovanni, covered with mustachios and pistols.

Boy carrying a gazel.

An Albanian completely armed.

The gazel made a capital object, but gave us a great deal of trouble. In this fashion we journeyed over a wild mountain pass—a range of the ancient Pindus—and two hours before sunset, having completed only half our course in spite of all our exertions, we found ourselves at a vast but dilapidated khan as big as a Gothic castle, situated on a high range, and built as a sort of half-way house for travellers by Ali Pasha when his long, gracious, and unmolested reign had permitted him to turn this unrivalled country, which combines all the excellences of Southern Europe and Western Asia, to some of the purposes for which it is fitted. This khan had now been turned into

a military post ; and here we found a young bey, to whom Kalio had given us a letter in case of our stopping for an hour. He was a man of very pleasing exterior, but unluckily could not understand Giovanni's Greek, and had no interpreter. What was to be done ? We could not go on, as there was not an inhabited place before Yanina ; and here were we sitting before sunset on the same divan with our host, who had entered the place to receive us, and would not leave the room while we were there without the power of communicating an idea. We were in despair, and we were also very hungry, and could not therefore in the course of an hour or two plead fatigue as an excuse for sleep, for we were ravenous and anxious to know what prospect of food existed in this wild and desolate mansion. So we smoked. It is a great resource, but this wore out, and it was so ludicrous smoking, and looking at each other, and dying to talk, and then exchanging pipes by way of compliment, and

then pressing our hand to our heart by way of thanks. The Bey sat in a corner, I unfortunately next, so I had the onus of mute attention ; and Clay next to me, so he and M. could at least have an occasional joke, though of course we were too well-bred to exceed an occasional and irresistible observation. Clay wanted to play *écarté*, and with a grave face, as if we were at our devotions ; but just as we were about commencing, it occurred to us that we had some brandy, and that we would offer our host a glass, as it might be a hint for what should follow to so vehement a schnaps. Mash-allah ! Had the effect only taken place 1830 years ago, instead of in the present age of scepticism, it would have been instantly voted a first-rate miracle. Our mild friend smacked his lips and instantly asked for another cup ; we drank it in coffee cups. By the time that Meredith had returned, who had left the house on pretence of shooting, Clay, our host, and myself had despatched a bottle of brandy in

quicker time and fairer proportions than I ever did a bottle of Burgundy, and were extremely gay. Then he would drink again with Meredith and ordered some figs, talking I must tell you all the time, indulging in the most graceful pantomime, examining our pistols, offering us his own golden ones for our inspection, and finally making out Giovanni's Greek enough to misunderstand most ludicrously every observation we communicated. But all was taken in good part, and I never met such a jolly fellow in the course of my life. In the meantime we were ravenous, for the dry, round, unsugary fig is a great whetter. At last we insisted upon Giovanni's communicating our wants and asking for bread. The Bey gravely bowed and said, 'Leave it to me ; take no thought,' and nothing more occurred. We prepared ourselves for hungry dreams, when to our great delight a most capital supper was brought in, accompanied, to our great horror, by—wine. We ate, we drank, we ate with our

fingers, we drank in a manner I never recollect. The wine was not bad, but if it had been poison we must drink ; it was such a compliment for a Moslemin ; we quaffed it in rivers. The Bey called for the brandy ; he drank it all. The room turned round ; the wild attendants who sat at our feet seemed dancing in strange and fantastic whirls ; the Bey shook hands with me ; he shouted English—I Greek. ‘Very good’ he had caught up from us. ‘Kalo, kalo’ was my rejoinder. He roared ; I smacked him on the back. I remember no more. In the middle of the night I woke. I found myself sleeping on the divan, rolled up in its sacred carpet ; the Bey had wisely reeled to the fire. The thirst I felt was like that of Dives. All were sleeping except two, who kept up during the night the great wood fire. I rose lightly, stepping over my sleeping companions, and the shining arms that here and there informed me that the dark mass wrapped up in a capote was a human being. I found Abraham’s bosom in

a flagon of water. I think I must have drunk a gallon at the draught. I looked at the wood fire and thought of the blazing blocks in the hall at Bradenham, asked myself whether I was indeed in the mountain fastness of an Albanian chief, and, shrugging my shoulders, went to bed and woke without a headache.

We left our jolly host with regret. I gave him my pipe as a memorial of having got tipsy together.

Next day, having crossed one more steep mountain pass, we descended into a vast plain, over which we journeyed for some hours, the country presenting the same mournful aspect, which I had too long observed : villages in ruins, and *perfectly* uninhabited, caravanseras deserted, fortresses razed to the ground, olive woods burnt up. So complete had been the work of destruction, that you often find your horse's course on the foundation of a village without being aware of it, and what at first appears the dry bed of a torrent, turns out to

be the backbone of the skeleton of a ravaged town. At the end of the plain, immediately backed by very lofty mountains, and jutting into the beautiful lake that bears its name, we suddenly came upon the city of Yanina—suddenly, for a long tract of gradually rising ground had hitherto concealed it from our sight. At the distance we first beheld it, this city, once, if not the largest, one of the most prosperous and brilliant in the Turkish dominions, still looked imposing ; but when we entered, I soon found that all preceding desolation had only been preparative to the vast scene of destruction now before me. We proceeded through a street, winding in its course, but of very great length, to our quarters. Ruined houses, mosques with their tower only standing, streets utterly razed—these are nothing. We met great patches of ruin a mile square, as if a swarm of locusts had had the power of desolating the works of man as well as those of God. The great heart of the city

was a sea of ruin. Arches and pillars, isolated and shattered, still here and there jutting forth, breaking the uniformity of the desolation, and turning the horrible into the picturesque. The great bazaar, itself a little town, was burnt down only a few months since when an infuriate band of Albanian soldiers heard of the destruction of their chiefs by the Grand Vizier.

But while the city itself presented this mournful appearance, its other characteristics were anything but sad. At this moment a swarming population, arrayed in every possible and fanciful costume, buzzed and bustled in all directions. As we passed on—and you can easily believe not unobserved where no '*Mylorts Ingles*' (as regular a word among the Turks as the French and Italians) had been seen for more than nine years—a thousand objects attracted my restless attention and roving eye. Everything was so strange and splendid, that for a moment I forgot that this

was an extraordinary scene, even for the East, and gave up my fancy to a full credulity in the now obsolete magnificence of Oriental life. Military chieftains clothed in the most brilliant colours and most showy furs, and attended by a *cortège* of officers equally splendid, continually passed us ; now for the first time a dervish saluted me, and now a Delhi with his high cap reined in his desperate steed, as the suite of some pacha blocked up the turning of the street. The Albanian costume, too, is inexhaustible in its combinations, and Jews and Greek priests must not be forgotten. It seemed to me that my first day in Turkey brought before me all the popular characteristics of which I had read, and which I expected I occasionally might see during a prolonged residence. I remember this very day I observed a Turkish sheik in his entirely green vestments ; a scribe with his writing materials in his girdle ; and a little old Greek physician, who afterwards claimed my acquaintance on

the plea of being able to speak English, that is to say, he could count nine on his fingers, no further (literally a fact). I gazed with a strange mingled feeling of delight and wonder. Suddenly a strange, wild, unearthly drum is heard, and at the end of the street a huge camel (to me it seemed as large as an elephant) with a slave sitting cross-legged on neck and playing an immense kettle-drum, appears, and is the first of an apparently interminable procession of his Arabian brethren. The camels were very large, they moved slowly, and were many in number; I should think there might have been between sixty and a hundred. It was an imposing sight. All immediately hustled out of the way of the caravan, and seemed to shrink under the sound of the wild drum. This procession bore corn for the Vizier's troops encamped without the wall.

It is in vain that I attempt to convey to you all that I saw and felt this wondrous week. To lionize and be a lion at the same time is a

hard fate. When I walked out I was followed by a crowd ; when I stopped to buy anything I was encompassed by a circle. How shall I convey to you an idea of all the Pachas, and all the Agahs, and all the Selictars, whom I have visited, and who have visited me ; all the coffee I sipped, all the pipes I smoked, all the sweetmeats I devoured ? But our grand presentation must not be omitted. An hour having been fixed for the audience, we repaired to the celebrated fortress-palace of Ali, which, though greatly battered in successive sieges, is still inhabitable, and yet affords a very fair idea of its old magnificence. Having passed the gates of the fortress, we found ourselves in a number of small streets, like those in the liberties of the Tower, or any other old castle, all full of life, stirring and excited ; then we came to a grand place, in which on an ascent stands the Palace. We hurried through courts and corridors, all full of guards, and pages, and attendant chiefs, and in fact every species of Turkish population,



for in these countries one head does everything, and we with our subdivision of labour and intelligent and responsible deputies have no idea of the labour of a Turkish Premier. At length we came to a vast, irregular apartment, serving as the immediate ante-chamber to the Hall of Audience. This was the finest thing I have ever yet seen. In the whole course of my life I never met anything so picturesque, and cannot expect to do so again. I do not attempt to describe it ; but figure to yourself the largest chamber that you ever were perhaps in, full of the choicest groups of an Oriental population, each individual waiting by appointment for an audience, and probably about to wait for ever. In this room we remained, attended by the Austrian Consul who presented us, about ten minutes—too short a time. I never thought that I could have lived to have wished to kick my heels in a minister's ante-chamber. Suddenly we are summoned to the awful presence of the pillar of the Turkish Empire,

the man who has the reputation of being the mainspring of the new system of regeneration, the renowned Redschid, an approved warrior, a consummate politician, unrivalled as a dissembler in a country where dissimulation is the principal portion of their moral culture.

The Hall was vast, built by Ali Pacha purposely to receive the largest Gobelins carpet that was ever made, which belonged to the chief chamber in Versailles, and was sold to him in the Revolution. It is entirely covered with gilding and arabesques. Here, squatted up on a corner of the large divan, I bowed with all the nonchalance of St. James's Street to a little ferocious-looking, shrivelled, care-worn man, plainly dressed, with a brow covered with wrinkles, and a countenance clouded with anxiety and thought. I entered the shed-like divan of the kind and comparatively insignificant Kalio Bey with a feeling of awe ; I seated myself on the divan of the Grand Vizier (' who,' the

Austrian Consul observed, 'has destroyed in the course of the last three months,' *not* in war, 'upwards of four thousand of my acquaintance') with the self-possession of a morning call. At a distance from us, in a group on his left hand, were his secretary and his immediate suite; the end of the saloon was lined by lacqueys in waiting, with an odd name which I now forget, and which you will find in the glossary of Anastasius. Some compliments now passed between us, and pipes and coffee were then brought by four of these lacqueys; then his Highness waved his hand, and in an instant the chamber was cleared. Our conversation I need not repeat. We congratulated him on the pacification of Albania. He rejoined, that the peace of the world was his only object, and the happiness of mankind his only wish: this went on for the usual time. He asked us no questions about ourselves or our country, as the other Turks did, but seemed quite overwhelmed with business, moody and anxious. While we were with him,

three separate Tartars arrived with despatches. What a life ! and what a slight chance for the gentlemen in the antechamber !

After the usual time we took our leave, and paid a visit to his son Amin Pacha, a youth of eighteen, but who looks ten years older, and who is Pacha of Yanina. He is the very reverse of his father, incapable in affairs, refined in his manners, plunged in debauchery and magnificent in his dress. Covered with gold and diamonds, he bowed to us with the ease of a Duke of Devonshire, said the English were the most polished of nations, etc. But all these visits must really be reserved till we meet. We found some Turks extremely intelligent, who really talk about Peter the Great, and all that, with considerable *goût*. With one of these, Mehemet Aga, Selictar to the Pacha of Lepanto, and an approved warrior, we became great friends. He showed us his new books of military tactics, and as he took a fancy to my costume insisted upon my calling to see his uniforms,

which he gets made in Italy, and which really would not disgrace the 10th.

I forgot to tell you that with the united assistance of my English, Spanish, and fancy wardrobe, I sported a costume in Yanina which produced a most extraordinary effect on that costume-loving people. A great many Turks called on purpose to see it, but the little Greek physician who had passed a year at Pisa in his youth nearly smoked me. 'Questo vestito Inglese o di fantasia?' he aptly asked. I oracularly replied, 'Inglese e fantastico.'

I write you this from that Ambracian Gulf where the soft Triumvir gained more glory by defeat than attends the victory of harsher warriors. The site is not unworthy of the beauty of Cleopatra. From the summit of the land this gulf appears like a vast lake walled in on all sides by mountains more or less distant. The dying glory of a Grecian eve bathes with warm light a thousand promontories and gentle bays, and infinite modulations of purple outline.

Before me is Olympus, whose austere peak glitters yet in the sun ; a bend of the land alone hides from me the islands of Ulysses and of Sappho. When I gaze upon this scene I remember the barbaric splendour and turbulent existence which I have just quitted with disgust. I recur to the feelings in the indulgence of which I can alone find happiness, and from which an inexorable destiny seems resolved to shut me out.

Pray write regularly, as sooner or later I shall receive all your letters ; and write fully.

As I have no immediate mode of conveying this safely to England, I shall probably keep it in my portfolio till I get to Napoli, and send it through Mr. Dawkins.

A thousand loves to you all.

Your most affectionate,

B. D.

## LETTER XI.

ATHENS : *November 30, 1830.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I wrote you a very long letter from Prevesa, and forwarded it to you from Napoli through Mr. Dawkins. You have doubtless received it. As you probably would be disappointed if you did not also receive one from the 'City of the Violet Crown,' I sit down before we sail from the harbour of Piræus to let you know that I am still in existence. We sailed from Prevesa through the remaining Ionian islands, among which was Zante, pre-eminent in beauty ; indeed, they say none of the Cyclades is to be compared to

it, with its olive trees touching the waves, and its shores undulating in every possible variety. For about a fortnight we were for ever sailing on a summer sea, always within two or three miles of the coast, and touching at every island or harbour that invited. A cloudless sky, a summer atmosphere, and sunsets like the neck' of a dove, completed all the enjoyment which I anticipated from roving in a Grecian sea. We were, however, obliged to keep a sharp look-out for pirates, who are all about again. We exercised the crew every day with muskets, and their increasing prowess and our pistol exercise kept up our courage. We sailed round the coast of the Morea, visiting Navarino (which has become quite a little French town with cafés and billiard-tables), Modon, and Napoli. From hence we made excursions to Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth. Napoli is a bustling place for Greece ; Argos is rising from its ruins ; Mycenæ has a very ancient tomb or temple of the time of their

old kings, massive as Egyptian ; and Corinth offered to us a scene which both for its beauty and association will not easily be forgotten. From Napoli we had a very quiet passage to this place. November here has been warmer than our best English summers, but this is unusual. Never was such a season known, all agree. On the afternoon of our arrival in Piræus, which is about five miles from the city, I climbed a small hill, forming the side of the harbour. From it I looked upon an immense plain covered with olive woods, and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills rise at a distance from the bounding ridge. On one of these I gazed upon a magnificent temple, bathed in the sunset ; at the foot of the hill was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which a Doric temple apparently quite perfect. The violet sunset—and to-day the tint was peculiarly vivid—threw over this scene a colouring becoming its beauty, and if possible increasing its delicate character. The city was

Athens ; but independent of all reminiscences, I never witnessed anything so truly beautiful, and I have seen a great deal.

We were fortunate. The Acropolis, which has been shut for nine years, was open to us, the first Englishmen. Athens is still in the power of the Turks, but the Grecian Commission to receive it arrived a short time before us. When we entered the city, we found every house roofless ; but really, before the war, modern Athens must have been no common town. The ancient remains have been respected ; the Parthenon, and the other temples which are in the Acropolis, have necessarily suffered during the siege, but the injury is only in the detail ; the general effect is not marred. We saw hundreds of shells and balls lying about the ruins. The temple of Theseus looks at a short distance as if it were just finished by Pericles. Gropius, a well-known character, was the only civilised being in this almost uninhabited town, and was our excellent cice-

rone. We have just returned from an excursion into the country to Marathon, and I can give you no idea of the severe hardship and privation of present Grecian travel. Happy are we to get a shed for nightly shelter, and never have been fortunate enough to find one not swarming with vermin. My sufferings in this way are great, and so are poor Clay's, but Meredith escapes. Our food must not be quarrelled with, for we lived for a week on the wild boar of Pentelicus and the honey of Hymettus, both very good ; and I do not care for privation in this respect, as I have always got my pipe ; but the want of sleep—and literally I did not sleep a wink the whole time I was out—is very bad, as it unfits you for daily exertion.

We found a wild boar just killed at a little village, and purchased half of it, but it is not as good as Bradenham pork.

We have been at Egina for a couple of days ; a favourable wind has risen, and we are off for Stamboul. We have had a most splen-

did view of Sunium ; its columns looked like undriven snow, and are now among the clustering Cyclades. Sixteen islands in sight, and we are making our course out among the heart of them. Our passage promises wonderfully.

We have reached the Dardanelles, a capital passage—what a road to a great city !—narrower and much longer than the Straits of Gibraltar, but not with such sublime shores. Asia and Europe look more kindly on each other than Europe and her more sultry sister.

The breeze has again sprung up ; we have one hundred and thirty miles to Constantinople.

It is near sunset, and Constantinople is in full sight ; it baffles all description, though so often described. An immense mass of buildings, cupolas, cypress groves, and minarets. I feel an excitement which I thought was dead.

*December 10.*

George Seymour, I am sorry to say, left this place two months ago for Florence, where he is appointed Minister; but other friends promise, though this is provoking. The Ambassador's bag goes off in a few hours; this letter must therefore be shorter than I intended. I have just got a pile of papers. What universal gloom! but I think under no circumstances war. I can say no more, being pressed to the utmost, but will write very soon. I continue, I think, mending, but have made no great move these last two months, which makes me low. A thousand loves to all.

Your most affectionate Son,

B. DISRAELI.

## LETTER XII.

CONSTANTINOPLE: *January 11, 1831.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,

Having been here more than a month without communicating, you will be glad to receive a letter. I have been silent because it is possible to write too frequently, which prevents you giving any results, or occasions you giving false ones. In the first place, I can give a favourable bulletin of my health, which continues improving; in fact I hope that the early spring will return me to Bradenham in very different plight to that in which I left it. I can assure you that I sigh to return, although in very agreeable company; but I have seen and done enough in this way,

and a mingled picture of domestic enjoyment and fresh butter, from both of which I have been so long estranged, daily flits across my fancy. Meredith quitted us, to our great regret, a fortnight ago, as he had always intended, and is now wandering among the Bithynian mountains, which are remarkable for being more devoid of interest than any hills in existence. We anticipate meeting him at Smyrna, and, if so, may probably find him not disinclined to renounce his ambitious intentions of being a discoverer. You will all be glad to know George Seymour's absence occasioned me no inconvenience. Nothing could be kinder to us than the conduct of the Ambassador.<sup>1</sup> Since Meredith's departure, in consequence of the unfavourable change in the weather, we have left our ship and taken lodgings in Pera. H. E. has given us a general dinner invitation, so that if we wish to dine with him, we only send to

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Gordon, G.C.B., brother of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen.

the Palace in the morning. He has introduced us to all the other ambassadors, and invites us to every picnic, here a favourite expedition. We visited in his suite the other day the Seven Towers, which are never shown, probably because there is nothing to see. A more amusing affair was the departure of the Mecca caravan from Scutari, the Asiatic suburb. We were entertained here by one of the ministers very sumptuously, smoked out of pipes with diamond mouthpieces, and sipped coffee perfumed with roses in cups studded with precious stones.

Description is an acknowledged bore. I dread it myself, and therefore sympathise with your already murmured fears, so I leave Constantinople to your imagination. Cypress groves and mosquish domes, masses of habitations grouped on gentle acclivities rising out of the waters, millions of minarets, a sea like a river covered with innumerable long thin boats as swift as gondolas, and far more gay, being carved and gilt—all these, and then when



filled with a swarming population in rich and brilliant and varied costume, will afford you a more lively, and certainly not a more incorrect, idea than half a dozen pages worthy of Horace Smith. There are two things here which cannot be conceived without inspection—the Bosphorus and the Bazaar. Conceive the ocean not broader than the Thames at Gravesend, with shores with all the variety and beauty of the Rhine, covered with palaces, mosques, villages, groves of cypress, and woods of Spanish chestnuts ; the view of the Euxine at the end is the most sublime thing I can remember. The Bazaar would delight you more than the Bosphorus. Fancy the Burlington Arcade, or some of the Parisian passages and panoramas ; fancy perhaps a square mile of ground covered with these arcades intersecting each other in all directions and full of every product of the empire, from diamonds to dates. The magnificence, novelty, and variety of the goods on sale, the whole nation of shopkeepers all in

different dress, the crowds of buyers from all parts of the world, are just to be hinted at. Here every people have a characteristic costume. Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians are the staple population ; the latter seem to predominate. The Armenians wear round and very unbecoming black caps and robes ; the Jews a black hat wreathed with a white handkerchief ; the Greeks black turbans ; the Turks indulge in all combinations of costume. The meanest merchant in the Bazaar looks like a Sultan in an Eastern fairy tale. This is merely to be ascribed to the marvellous brilliancy of their dyes, which is one of the most remarkable circumstances in their social life, and which never has been explained to me. A common pair of slippers that you push on in the street is tinged of a vermillion or a lake so extraordinary that I can compare their colour to nothing but the warmest beam of a southern sunset. We have seen the Sultan several times. He affects all the affable activity of a European

prince, mixes with his subjects, interferes in all their pursuits, and taxes them most unmercifully. He dresses like a European, and all the young men have adopted the fashion. You see young Turks in uniforms which would not disgrace one of our crack cavalry regiments, and lounging with all the bitterness of royal illegitimates. It is on the rising generation that the Sultan depends, and, if one may form an opinion, not in vain. After all his defeats, he has now 60,000 regular infantry excellently appointed and well disciplined. They are certainly not to be compared to French or English line, but they would as certainly beat the Spanish or the Dutch, and many think, with fair play, the Russian. Fair play their monarch certainly had not during the last campaign ; the secret history would not now interest, but it was by other means than military prowess that the Muscovites advanced so successfully. The Sultan had to struggle against an unprecedented conspiracy the whole

time, and the morning that Adrianople was treacherously delivered up, the streets of Stamboul were filled with dead bodies of detected traitors. The most wonderful thing here are the burial-grounds, but it is vain to write. I must return if only to save you from reading these stupid letters. I expect in ten days to be in Egypt, as the wind is most favourable. From that country I shall return to Malta and then to Naples ; at least these are my plans, which may probably not be executed. I wish to get back for Bradenham sports, but very much fear I shall not, unless I can somehow or other shuffle quarantine, which is a month or six weeks from these awful parts.

*Esperons !* Kiss my mother and Sa. Tell my dearest Sa I shall soon have her letters. I saw Lingard's cold-blooded hand at work in the 'Monthly,' which I of course expected.

Adieu, my dearest father.

Yours most affectionately,

B. D.

P.S.—I have been inside a Mosque—Sulumania, which is nearly as large and far more beautiful than Sophia. The Ambassador has received me with a kindness which I shall always remember with gratitude. It is almost impossible for him to have done more, whatever ties existed between us.

I have just got through a pile of Galignanis. What a confusion ! What a capital pantomime, 'Lord Mayor's Day or Harlequin Brougham !' All your letters have been sent to Alexandria. I long to be there. Continue to write regularly.

Tell Ralph we are very gay here, nothing but masquerade balls and diplomatic dinners. The Ambassador has introduced us everywhere. We had the most rollicking week at the Palace, with romping of the most horrible description, and things called 'games of forfeits.' Gordon, out of the purest malice, made me tumble over head and heels ! Can you conceive anything more dreadful ? There are only two attachés here : Villiers, a very clever and agreeable person ; and Buchanan, a good fellow.

## LETTER XIII.

ALEXANDRIA: *March 20, 1831.*

MY DEAREST SA,

Your charming letters deserve a direct commendation, and therefore I address the usual bulletin to yourself. I had directed Ross to send all my letters to this place, renouncing by this arrangement the agreeable chance of occasionally receiving them for the sake of the guarantee of not missing any. He has forwarded me here only two, dated September and October, informing me at the same time that he has yet three more. Is not such stupidity inconceivable? Had not your two letters been so delightful, I think I should

have sunk under the disappointment. I arrived here on the 12th, and wrote a hurried line by a ship, which went off next day to Malta, for the other letters which he may have, and I am flattered with the hope that in six weeks they will reach me.

Here I am at last in the ancient land of Priestcraft and of Pyramids, about which, however, I must at present say little. It is so long since I have written, although I miss no reasonable opportunity of so doing, that I almost forget what I was about when I wrote to you last—I think on the eve of my departure from Constantinople—Meredith having already departed for his exploration of Asia Minor, respecting which he was very mad, although I believe it to be a country equally unsatisfactory to the topographer, the antiquarian, and the man of taste. Even Leake, who owes whatever reputation he possesses to his remarks on this region, warned me against it. We remained at Constantinople about a fortnight after their departure, and

were literally unable to make our escape from our friend Sir Robert, who at last, in his desperation, offered us rooms in the Palace when we complained of our lodgings, and finally, when all was in vain, parted from us in a pet. We came with a dashing breeze down the Dardanelles, but were becalmed between Lesbos (*i.e.* Mytilene) and Zea for three days. You cannot conceive anything more lovely than the Gulf of Smyrna, which is vast and more beautiful than the Ambracian. At Smyrna, where we intended only to touch for a day, we were detained ten by our winter season, violent and unceasing rains, and terrible gales of wind. Here, however, we found Meredith in a very decent bivouac ; so having much to say to each other, we all got over the affair better than might have been expected. This is the only winter we have had, though this season at Constantinople is usually more severe. I ascribe to this continuance of fine weather and to smoking the continued improvement in my health, which is

most satisfactory. Your letters are delightful. The missing of the Seville letter is most provoking ; in the crowd of impressions, I cannot now tell what it was about, but shall perhaps be able when we meet. Perhaps about Frank Hall Standish, whose acquaintance I made at Cadiz, and whom I met again at Seville, where he resides, and who received me very hospitably. With regard to general news, I am *au jour* by the aid of Galignani's excellent journal. What endless confusion ! I long to get back. At Smyrna I found that Meredith began to indicate a wish to see Egypt. The fact is, he had got hold of some books there, Hamilton's '*Ægyptiaca*,' &c., which had opened his mind upon the subject. The truth is, as I then discovered, he knew no more about Egypt than a child, and was quite surprised to learn that there were more remains there, on one spot, than in all the rest of the globe united. I did the impossible to induce him to rejoin us, but he could not make up his mind to give up an in-

tended trip to the unseen relics of some unheard-of cock-and-a-bull city, and so we again parted. We found ourselves again in an archipelago, the Sporades, and tried to make Rhodes; but a contrary wind, although we were off it for two days, prevented us. After some days we landed at Cyprus, where we passed a day on land famous in all ages, but more delightful to me as the residence of Fortunatus<sup>1</sup> than as the rosy realm of Venus or the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders. Here we got a pilot to take us to Jaffa. One morning, with a clear blue sky and an intense sun, we came in sight of the whole coast of Syria, very high and mountainous, and the loftiest ranges covered with snow. We passed Beyrout, Sur, the ancient Tyre, St. Jean d'Acre, and at length cast anchor in the roads of Jaffa. Here we made a curious acquaintance in Damiani, the descendant of an old Venetian family, but himself a perfect Oriental. We had read something about his

<sup>1</sup> Fortunatus, in the fairy tale of The Wishing Cap.

grandfather in Volney, and as he had no conception of books, he was so appalled by our learning, that, had we not been Englishmen, he would have taken us for sorcerers. We found him living among the most delightful gardens of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, the trees as high and the fruit as thick as our English apple orchards ; himself a most elegant personage in flowing robes of crimson silk, &c. &c. I am obliged to hint rather than describe, and must reserve all detail till our meeting. He wished us to remain with him for a month, and gave us an admirable Oriental dinner, which would have delighted my father—rice, spices, pistachio nuts, perfumed rôties, and dazzling confectionery.

From Jaffa, a party of six, well mounted and armed, we departed for Jerusalem. Jaffa is a pretty town, surrounded by gardens, and situated in a fruitful plain. After riding over this, we crossed a range of light hills and came into the plain of Ramle, vast and fertile.

Ramle, the ancient Arimathea, is the model of our idea of a beautiful Syrian village, all the houses isolated, and each surrounded by palm trees, the meadows and the exterior of the village covered with olive trees or divided by rich plantations of Indian fig. Here we sought hospitality in the Latin convent, an immense establishment, well kept up, but with only one monk. I could willingly dwell in immense detail, but cannot. The next day we commenced our journey over the delightful plain, bounded in the distance by the severe and savage mountains of Judæa. In the wild stony ravines of these shaggy rocks we were wandering the whole day; at length, after crossing a vast hill, we saw the Holy City. I will describe it to you from the Mount of Olives. This is a very high hill, still partially covered with the tree which gives it a name. Jerusalem is situate upon an opposite height, which descends as a steep ravine, and forms, with the assistance of the Mount of Olives, the narrow

valley of Jehoshaphat. Jerusalem is entirely surrounded by an old feudal wall, with towers and gates of the time of the Crusaders, and in perfect preservation ; as the town is built upon a hill, you can from the opposite height discern the roof of almost every house. In the front is the magnificent mosque built upon the site of the Temple, with its beautiful gardens and fantastic gates ; a variety of domes and towers rise in all directions ; the houses are of a bright stone. I was thunderstruck. I saw before me apparently a gorgeous city. Nothing can be conceived more wild, and terrible, and barren than the surrounding scenery, dark, stony, and severe ; but the ground is thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that, the mind full of the sublime, not the beautiful, rich and waving woods and sparkling cultivation would be misplaced. The city on the other side is in the plain, the ravine not being all round. It is, as it were, in a bowl of mountains. I have dotted down materials for description ; I have not

space to describe. I leave it to your lively imagination to fill up the rest. Except Athens I never saw anything more essentially striking ; no city, except that, whose site was so pre-eminently impressive. I will not place it below the city of Minerva. Athens and Jerusalem in their glory must have been the finest representations of the beautiful and the sublime. Jerusalem, in its present state, would make a wonderful subject for Martin, and a picture from him could alone give you an idea of it. We sought hospitality from the fathers of the famous Terra Santa convent, for an account of which see Clarke. There were, we were told, six thousand pilgrims at Jerusalem : four thousand at the Armenian convent, two thousand at the Greek. The Latins have left off these wanderings. I should have said that the road was full of these gentlemen. One of the best houses in Jerusalem, belonging to the convent, and servants were allotted to us. They sent us provisions daily. I could write half a

dozen sheets on this week, the most delightful of all our travels. We dined every day on the roof of our house by moonlight ; visited the Holy Sepulchre of course, though avoided the other *coglionerie* ; the House of Loretto is probability to them, but the Easterns will believe anything. Surprised at the number of remains at Jerusalem, though none more ancient than Herod. The tombs of the kings very fine. Weather delicious, mild summer heat. Made an immense sensation ; received visits from the Vicar-General of the Pope, the Spanish prior, &c. Never more delighted in my life. Wretched passage from Jaffa to this place, where I have been a week. Mr. Briggs, the great Egyptian merchant, has written from England to say that great attention is to be paid me, because I am the son of the celebrated author. The consequence is, we dine every day with his partner, whose *cuisine* is excellent. This is substantial fame.

The most surprising news ! Meredith has

just arrived, as I understand, in a Turkish ship after a horrid passage. He writes to me to come alongside directly, as they threaten him a month's quarantine. This is the case, and I believe there is no chance of escape. He will go mad. I am going to the Consul-General to see what can be done ; he is a very good fellow. I will write again soon. I shall leave this place in a day or two. I have a very knowing Cyprian servant in the most delicate costume. God bless you all ! I am afraid you will never get this, as I am out of the bounds of regular posts, ambassadors, and public offices.

Your most affectionate

B. D.

## LETTER XIV.

CAIRO : *May 28, 1831.*

MY DEAR SA,

I have received all your delightful letters, March packet inclusive, and one from Ralph, for which give him my warmest thanks. I wrote home, to whom I forget, from Alexandria, about ten weeks ago, giving an account of my Syrian adventures and my visit to Jerusalem, which I trust you received ; but we are out of the lands of diplomatic bags, and I tremble about our despatches. I had intended to have written by this opportunity a long letter to my father, giving him a detailed account of my travels in this ancient country, and a miscellaneous sheet to yourself ; but the

wonderful news<sup>1</sup> which meets me here in a pile of Galignanis has really quite unsettled my mind for such an exertion, and therefore I write only to you, giving only a rapid sketch of my progress, which must be finished and coloured when we meet. That meeting will, I trust, be speedy ; in fact I am only waiting here for a ship to convey me to Malta, and in all probability shall come home straight, but at any rate if I arrive overland, it shall delay me very little. Circumstances may even render it the shorter way, and this consideration will entirely sway me. I am glad that you are not so astonished as the rest at Meredith and myself parting. Considering that Egypt and Syria formed two prominent objects of my travels, and that he had so positively arranged that certainly the last, and in all probability the first, would not suit him, I am surprised, I confess, at their marvelling. Had it not been for the affair of the yacht, which held out to me the advantage

<sup>1</sup> This must refer to the bringing in of the Reform Bill.

of reaching Syria, which otherwise I should not have been able to accomplish, we must have originally parted at Malta. Meredith is now at Thebes, and I have no mode of communicating with him. His letters have arrived at Cairo, but it will be most unsafe to forward them, which could only be done by a chance boat. In fact I am strongly advised against it by all persons, to say nothing of his particular request to me, when I saw him last in Upper Egypt, not to forward them. If he kept to his plans, he will return in a few days to this place, but I fear he may be tempted to advance higher. I cannot convey in writing all the considerations which occur to me, but my impression is, that three or four weeks may elapse before I sail from Alexandria, and that therefore it is pretty certain that William will have returned to Cairo, and will depart with me. This is a very inelegant epistle, but I am writing it at night with at least fifty mosquitoes buzzing about and biting me in all directions,

which destroys sentences. Clay has got an intermittent fever, which in itself is bad enough, and as he has never been ill before in his life, he is exceedingly frightened. Luckily here is a very good French physician. I rather imagine he will go off in a day or two to Rosetta for change of air. I am very well indeed, and find the climate of Egypt delicious, very hot, but always a most refreshing breeze.

I am very sorry about my companion, as he has been to me a highly agreeable one. I owe much to his constant attentions. It is a great thing to travel with a man for months, and that he should never occasion you an uneasy moment, which I can sincerely say of him ; indeed I am greatly indebted to him for much comfort. You know that, though I like to be at my ease, I want energy in those little affairs of which life greatly consists. Here I found Clay always ready ; in short he saved me from much bore. I am sorry also to say that his faithful servant Giovanni, better known by the name of Tita

(he was Byron's chasseur of renown), who is a Belzoni in appearance and constitution, is also very ill, which is a great affliction. Thus you see the strong men have all fallen, while I, who am an habitual invalid, am firm on my legs ; but the reason is this, that I, being somewhat indolent and feeble, live *à la Turque*, while Clay and Giovanni are always in action, have done nothing but shoot and swim from morning to night. As I am on the chapter of domestic troubles, you will hear with regret that my favourite servant, a Greek of Cyprus, gave me warning yesterday, his father being very ill at Alexandria. He leaves me directly, which is a great bore at this moment, especially as I am about to be alone, and would annoy me at all times, because he wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long, and a sabre glittering like a rainbow. I must now content myself with an Arab attendant in a blue shirt and slipperless. How are the mighty fallen ! I cannot suffi-

ciently commend your letters ; they are in every respect charming, very lively and witty, and full exactly of the stuff I want. If you were only a more perfect mistress of the art of punctuation, you might rival ‘Lady Mary’ herself. Thank my mother for her remembrance of me. I cannot write to say I am quite well, because the enemy still holds out, but I am sanguine, very, and at any rate quite well enough to wish to be at home. I shall inquire about neroli, but for perfumes I rather think Stamboul was the best place. Mustapha’s shop there, the Imperial perfumer, was my daily lounge ; I never went to the Bazaar without smoking a pipe with him. I don’t think I ever mentioned this character to you ; remember when we meet. He never showed me neroli, however, though he did everything to tempt me to daily expense. The great perfume among the Turks is atar of jasmine. I have some which I sent to Malta with all my goods, some of which will ornament Bradenham in the shape



of pipes nine feet long, and curious Oriental arms. I never bought anything but with a view to its character as furniture. Everything is for Bradenham. Jem's commission would occasion me much anxiety, if I did not know anxiety were useless. If Croker really wish to serve my father, he can, whether in or out, because Lord H—— is a creature of the Duke's, and a whisper from him is enough; but my father must be explicit, and not let him suppose that he wants a commission for nothing. It was no use writing to Lord F——, who probably never saw the letter. All these men have private secretaries, who have a discretion to open all letters, and to answer all matters of course, which this was. I am quite delighted with my father's progress. How I long to be with him, dearest of men, flashing our quills together and opening their minds, 'standing together in our chivalry,' which we will do, now that I have got the use of my brain for the first time in my life. Tell Ralph

to write as often and as much as he likes, and that I have become a most accomplished smoker, carrying that luxurious art to a pitch of refinement of which he has no idea. My pipe is cooled in a wet silken bag, my coffee is boiled with spices, and I finish my last chibouque with a sherbet of pomegranate. Oh the delicious fruits that we have here, and in Syria! Orange gardens miles in extent, citrons, limes, pomegranates; but the most delicious thing in the world is a banana, which is richer than a pineapple. Your visit from the Guards is most amusing. Young officers, purporting to be the son of Jekyll, and the nephew of Home, must have been hoaxing you. Why, the first is an antediluvian, and the second a pre-Adamite. I don't care a jot about the 'Young Duke.' I never staked any fame on it. It may take its chance. I meant the hero to be a model for our youth; but after two years' refinement in these revolutionary times, I fear he will prove old-fashioned. Goethe and I

Grey' of course gratifying. I hear the Patriarch is dead : perhaps a confusion with his son. I saw it in 'Galignani,' an excellent publication which keeps me *au jour*. I am of course very anxious to hear of the progress of the Bill. I have heard up to the majority of one. On examining the lists of the votes I am inclined to think that it will be lost, though I see the papers take another view, and indulge in other anticipations.

The death of Max<sup>2</sup> has cut me to the heart.

<sup>2</sup> A favourite puppy at Bradenham ; and this was the epitaph written by my father :—

'Max, true descendant of Newfoundland race,  
Where once he sported, finds his burial place.  
Few were his months, yet huge of form tho' bland,  
Well tutored by our James with voice and hand.  
Mild in his pensive face his large dark eyes  
Talked in their silence to our sympathies.  
His awful paw our fond salute would hail,  
And pleasure fluttered in the o'ershadowing tail.  
Vast limb'd, his step resounding as he walk'd,  
The playful puppy like a lion stalk'd ;  
All clad in spotless snow he seemed to stand  
Like faultless marble from the sculptor's hand.  
Domestic friend, companion of all hours !  
Our vacant terraces and silent bow'rs  
No more repeat thy name, and by this urn  
Not to love dogs too well we sadly learn.'

The epitaph is charming, and worthy of the better days of our poetry. Its classical simplicity, its highly artificial finish (I mean of style), and fine natural burst of feeling at the end are remarkable, and what I believe no writer of the day could produce. It is worthy of the best things in the Anthology. It is like an inscription by Sophocles translated by Pope. The account in the 'Court Journal' was written by your humble servant. I did not like to appear as furnishing anything to the Journal directly, so I wrote in a dull sort of Ollierish *résumé* style, as from a letter. I have gossipped a good deal with you. It is impossible to say when I shall be home, but I should think in three months. I do not look upon quarantine as a bore, except that it keeps me from you. I want rest. From Alexandria, from whence I wrote to you last, I crossed the desert to Rosetta. It was a twelve hours' job, and the whole way we were surrounded by a mirage of the most complete kind. I was

perpetually deceived, and always thought I was going to ride into the sea. At Rosetta I first saw the mighty Nile, with its banks richly covered with palm groves. A grove of palms is the most elegant thing in nature. From Rosetta five days in a capital boat which the Consul had provided for us, with cabins and every convenience, and which recently he had had entirely painted and fitted up for Lord Clare ; it took us to Cairo through the famous Delta. This greatly reminded me of the rich plains in the Pays Bas, quite flat, with a soil in every part like the finest garden mould, covered with production, but more productive than cultivated. The banks of the river studded with villages of mud, but all clustered in palm groves ; beautiful moonlight on the Nile, indescribably charming, and the palms by this light perfectly magical. Grand Cairo, a large town of dingy houses of unbaked brick, looking terribly dilapidated, but swarming with population in rich and various costume. Visited

the Pyramids, and ascended the great one, from the top of which, some weeks afterwards, a man, by name Maze, whom I had slightly known in Spain, tumbled, and dashed himself to a mummy. Very awful, the first accident of the kind.

A voyage of three weeks in the same boat to Thebes: banks of the river very different. The Delta ceases at Cairo, and Egypt now only consists of a valley, formed by a river running through a desert. The land is however equally rich, the soil being formed by the Nile; but on each side at the distance of three or four miles, and sometimes much nearer, deserts. The Libyan desert on the African side is exactly our common idea of a desert, an interminable waste of burning sand; but the Arabian and Syrian deserts very different, in fact, what we call downs. Landing on the African side, one might, where the desert stretches to the very banks, find a ship of Hodgees emptied on the shore, in the m

picturesque groups, some squatting down with their pipes, some boiling coffee, some performing their devotions. It was excessively close, but had been a fine clear day. I walked nearly a mile from the shore; in an instant very dark, with a heat perfectly stifling; saw a column of sand in the distance. It struck me directly what it was. I rushed to the boat with full speed, but barely quick enough. I cannot describe the scene of horror and confusion. It was a simoom. The wind was the most awful sound I ever heard. Five columns of sand, taller than the Monument, emptied themselves on our party. Every sail was rent to pieces, men buried in the earth. Three boats sailing along overturned; the crews swam to shore. The wind, the screaming, the shouting, the driving of the sand, were enough to make you mad. We shut all the windows of the cabin, and jumped into bed, but the sand came in like fire. I do not offer this as a description, but as a mem. for further details.

As for Dendera and Thebes, and the remains in every part of Upper Egypt, it is useless to attempt to write. Italy and Greece were toys to them, and Martin's inventions commonplace. Conceive a feverish and tumultuous dream, full of triumphal gates, processions of paintings, interminable walls of heroic sculpture, granite colossi of gods and kings, prodigious obelisks, avenues of sphinxes, and halls of a thousand columns, thirty feet in girth, and of a proportionate height. My eyes and mind yet ache with a grandeur so little in unison with our own littleness. Then the landscape was quite characteristic: mountains of burning sand, vegetation unnaturally vivid, groves of cocoa trees, groups of crocodiles, and an ebony population in a state of nudity, armed with spears of reeds.

Having followed the course of the Nile for seven hundred miles, to the very confines of Nubia, we returned. As an antiquary I might have been tempted to advance, to have wit-

nessed further specimens, but I was satisfied, and I wish not to lose time unnecessarily. We were a week at Thebes, with the advantage of the society of Mr. Wilkinson,<sup>3</sup> an Englishman of vast learning, who has devoted ten years to the study of hieroglyphics and Egyptian antiquity, and who can read you the side of an obelisk, or the front of a pylon, as we would the last number of the 'Quarterly.'

This Cairo, in spite of its dinginess, is a luxurious and pleasant place. The more I see of Oriental life, the more I like it. Here is much more enjoyment than at Constantinople. I have seen the Pacha<sup>4</sup> in a very extraordinary manner. Wandering in the gardens of his palace at Shubra, I suddenly came upon him one afternoon, surrounded by his Court, a very brilliant circle, in most gorgeous dresses, particularly the black eunuchs in scarlet and gold, and who ride white horses. I was about to

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards well known as Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

<sup>4</sup> Mohammed Ali.

retire, but one of his principal attendants took me by the arm and led me to the circle. The Pacha is exceedingly fond of the English. His Highness was playing chess with his fool, and I witnessed a very curious scene. I stayed about a quarter of an hour, and had I waited till his game was finished, I am informed that he would have spoken to me; but as I had no interpreter with me, and am pretty sure that he was in the same state, I thought it best to make my bow. My presentation has been delayed on account of Clay's illness, but it has been offered to me several times. I look forward to it rather as a bore than not, as he receives you quite alone and examines you to death. A thousand loves to all. Write to Malta until the July packet inclusive.

Your most affectionate Brother,

B. D.

The Letters here must end.

The untimely death of his friend Meredith, bringing bitter grief to others than the travellers, occurred at Cairo. This sad event delayed my brother's departure for England. Clay returned home, became in due time the Liberal and popular M.P. for Hull, and somewhat an authority on shipping, acquired perhaps by his handling of the simple 'Susan.' Tita, too, the faithful Tita, has departed, and all others whom our travellers met must have passed away to the silent land.

The following, written by my brother whilst sailing o'er the AEGEAN Sea, seems no unfitting ending to this remembrance of him :—

Bright are the skies above me,  
And blue the waters roll ;  
Ah ! if but those that love me  
Were here, my joy were whole.  
When those we love are wanting,  
Then o'er the clouded heart  
A thousand visions haunting  
Their darkening shadows dart.

Wild bird that fliest so lightly,  
Ah, whither dost thou roam ?  
Thou art a wanderer rightly,  
Thou hast not left thy home.  
For thou, altho' thou art nestless,  
Art not so lone as he  
Whose spirit, sad and restless,  
Impels him o'er thy sea.

